

64  
PAGES  
OF  
THRILLS!

No. 8

JANUARY, 1939

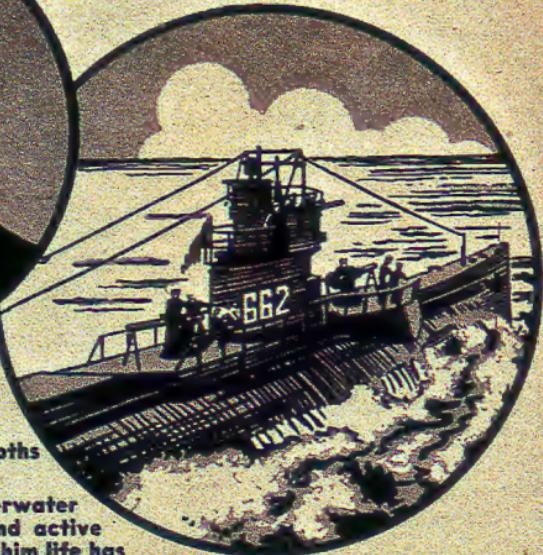
# ACTION COMICS

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## ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

ACTION COMICS, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, \$1.20; elsewhere \$2.20. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

COMBINED PUBLICATIONS, INC.  
125 East 46th Street  
New York City

Western Office: HARLEY L. WARD, INC.  
360 N. Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Ill.

# SUPERMAN

by  
JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

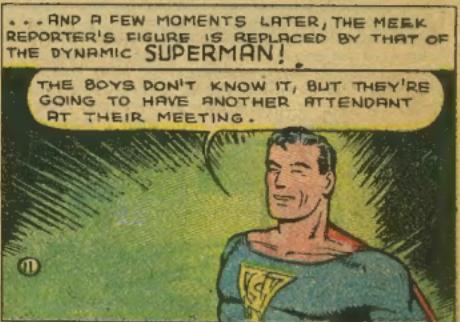
© 1940 DC



LEAPING OVER TOWERING BUILDINGS, RENDING STEEL IN HIS BARE HANDS, LIFTING INCREDIBLE WEIGHTS HIGH OVERHEAD, IMPERVIOUS TO BULLETS BECAUSE OF AN UNBELIEVABLY TOUGH SKIN, RACING AT A SPEED HITHERTO UNWITNESSED BY MORTAL EYES... THESE ARE THE MIRACULOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH WHICH ASSIST **SUPERMAN** IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL AND OPPRESSION!

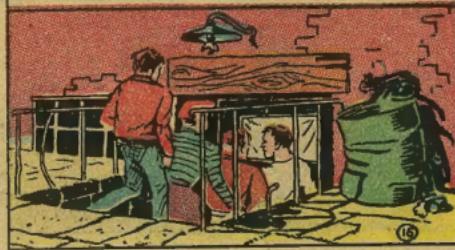
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THE KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO AND ENTER THE JUNK-SHOP OF GIMPY, RECEIVER AND FENCE FOR STOLEN GOODS, LOATHSOME CORRUPTER OF YOUTH . . .



MONEY? SURE YA CAN  
HAVE IT, LOTS OF IT! - I  
WAS JUST GONNA GET IN  
TOUCH WITH YA ABOUT IT!



HERE ARE SLIPS  
FOR ALL OF YA.  
ON EACH SLIP IS  
T' ADDRESS OF A  
HOME WHERE A BIG  
HAUL CAN BE PULLED  
T'NIGHT. PULL TH' JOB,  
AN' I'LL PAY YA  
OFF BIG!

SOUNDS  
OKAY  
T'ME  
RANDAL, 1121  
ROANOKE BLVD.  
MUST BE A  
RITZY JOINT  
!

THANKS, GIMPY.  
HAROLD  
BRONSON  
KINS-  
MAN  
ROAD.



AFTER THE BOYS DEPART --

WHEW! WAS THAT A TIGHT FIX. NOW  
T' TIP OFF TH' POLICE AN' GET RID OF THEM  
KIDS LIKE I DID FRANKIE. THEY'RE  
GETTIN' TOO TOUGH T' HANDLE!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- THIS  
IS A FRIEND! ROBBERIES ARE GOIN' T'  
BE PULLED T'NIGHT AT TH' HOMES OF  
PETER RANDALL, HAROLD BRON --



ABRUPTLY A HAND REACHES OUT-- TEARS  
THE PHONE FROM THE WALL WITH  
ONE EASY MOVEMENT . . .



W-WHO ARE  
YOU?  
SOMEONE YOU'RE GOING TO  
WISH YOU'D NEVER MET!



HELP!  
POL--  
!

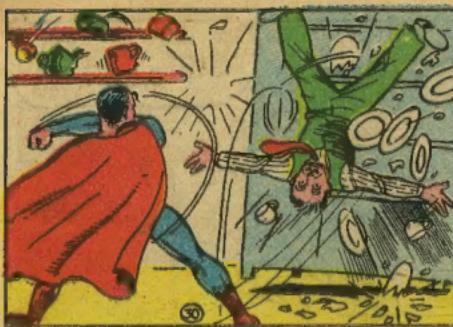
HERE'S A  
STARTER.  
!

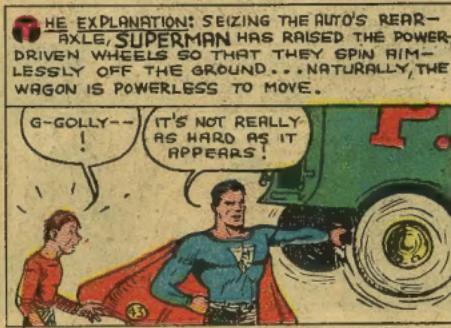
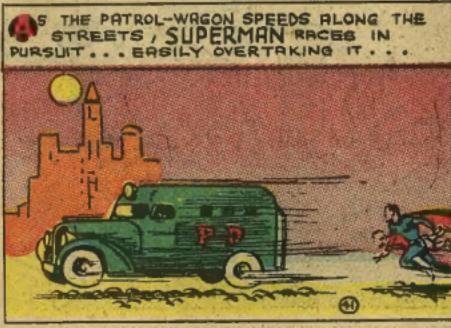


DON'T HIT ME  
AGAIN! I'LL GIVE  
YA ANYTHING YA  
WANT!

THANKS! - WHAT I  
WANT RIGHT NOW IS  
ANOTHER POKE AT  
YOU!







WITHIN A SLEEPING HOUSEHOLD . . .

GOSH! I'VE CLEARED OUT EVERY BIT OF SILVERWARE IN TH' JOINT, BUT NOW MY BAG IS TOO HEAVY T' LIFT WITHOUT MAKIN' A LOTTA NOISE, UNLESS--WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



WINKY FIRST LOWERS THE SWAG FROM THE UPPER-STORY WINDOW WITH A ROPE.

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOUR FRIEND IS BUSILY OCCUPIED. IF HE'D ONLY TURN ALL THAT ENERGY INTO CONSTRUCTIVE CHANNELS . . .



THEN COMMENCES TO CLIMB DOWN THE ROPE!

OH BABY! WHAT A HAUL!  
GIMPY'LL GIVE US PLENTY  
FER THIS!



AT STILL ANOTHER RESIDENCE, THE REMINING MEMBER OF THE GANG GIVES A SOFT CRY OF EXULTANCE . . . HE IS PANTING AND SWEATING . . .

IT TOOK HOURS OF HARD WORK . . .  
BUT I FINALLY BROKE THRU THEM BARS! BOY, AM I TIRED! -- BUT NOW TO RANSACK TH' PLACE!

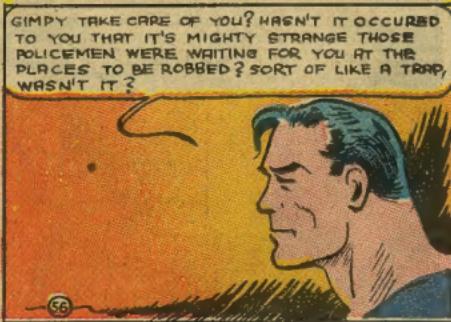
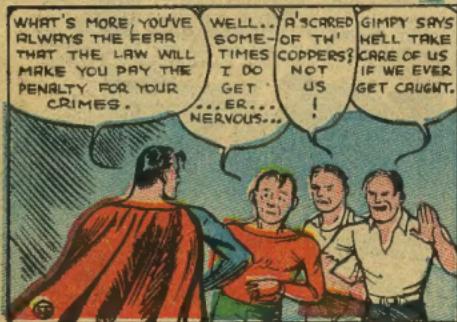
OH, NO  
YOU  
WON'T!



BOY, CAN HE RUN! -- IS HE A COPPER?  
NO, HE AIN'T!  
CAUSE HE MADE A MONKEY OUT OF EM.

WHERE YA TAKIN' US?  
BACK TO THE TENE-MENTS.





**SUPERMAN** HAD SIGHTED GIMPY THE MOMENT HE PULLED THE TRIGGER. INSTANTLY, THE IRON MAN ACTS... HE SPRINGS FORWARD!



⑥

... AND NOW IS ENACTED A FANTASTIC, TENSE DRAMA... WHICH IS OF SUCH INFINITESIMAL DURATION THAT THE HUMAN EYE IS INCAPABLE OF RECORDING ITS AMAZING OCCURRENCE -- **SUPERMAN RACES THE BULLET**...



⑦

... AND ACTUALLY SUCCEEDS IN BEATING IT TO ITS TARGET!

THIS MUST BE THE FIRST TIME IN ALL HISTORY THAT THE TARGET HIT THE BULLET!



⑧

IS IMPENETRABLE SKIN UNHARMED BY THE BULLET, **SUPERMAN** SPRINGS AT GIMPY...

WHEN I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE TOWN, I MEANT BUSINESS! NO, NO! - DON'T!



ROPELED BY **SUPERMAN'S** TOSS, GIMPY SAILS OUT -- OUT -- THRU THE NIGHT --

YEE-EE-OW!



-- AND LANDS WITH A **SPASH** IN THE RIVER!

HALP - HAL - (-BLUB-) - - !!



AS **SUPERMAN** STARES AFTER GIMPY, NICK SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY... HE SNEAKS UPON HIM FROM BEHIND AND CRASHES A WRENCH DOWNWARD...

TAKE TH... OMIGOSH! IT BENT!!

WHAT WAS THAT?



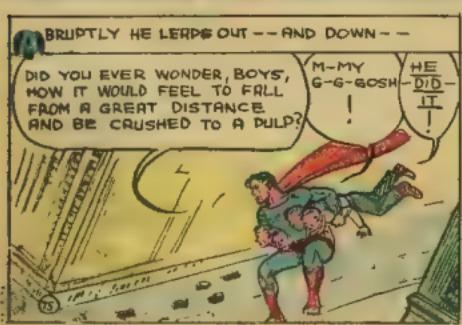
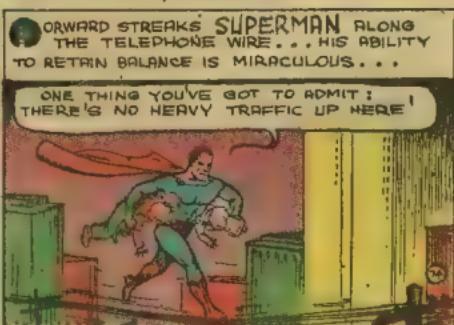
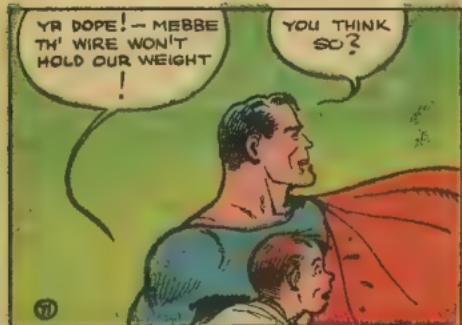
THAT WAS A MEAN STUNT TO PULL AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE FOR YOU! I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO, AND THAT'S TO THROW A LITTLE FEAR AND HUMILIETY INTO YOU!

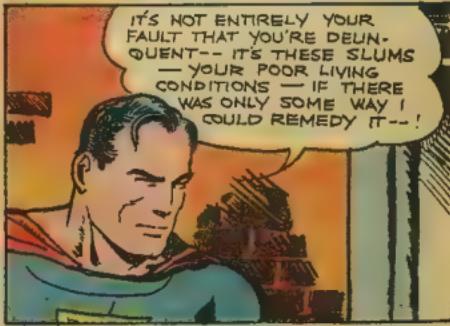
OUCH! LEGGO!

CUT IT OUT!

MY RIBS!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, PEOPLE ON THE FAR-FRINGE OF THE SLUM AREA ARE PUZZLED TO HEAR A SERIES OF CRASHING RUMBLIES WHICH GROW LOUDER WITH EACH INSTANT . . .



BUT THEY ARE MISTAKEN! FOR THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND IS A ONE-MAN CYCLONE: SUPERMAN!

SO THE GOVERNMENT REBUILDS DESTROYED AREAS WITH MODERN CHEAP-RENTAL APARTMENTS, EH?



BUILDING AFTER BUILDING CRASHES BEFORE HIS ATTACK!



SUMMONED BY FLEEING TERRORIZED SLUM INHABITANTS, FIRE TRUCKS AND POLICE PATROLS SWERVE INTO THE DESTRUCTIVE ZONE . . .



A TROOP RUSHES INTO THE SECTION . . . MENACES SUPERMAN . . .

IT'S ONE MAN! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

STOP! STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT!

SHOOT IF YOU MUST . . . BUT AFTER YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, GO AWAY BEFORE I GET ANNOYED!

FIRE!



SUPERMAN CONTINUES TO TEAR STRUCTURES, UNAFFECTED BY THE WITHERING AND REPEATED MACHINE-GUN FIRE . . .



BUT SUPERMAN AGILLY ESCAPES HIS ATTACKERS THRU THE SIMPLE MANEUVER OF BRIDGING SEVERAL CITY-BLOCKS IN ONE LEAP . . .



A NEW MENACE! -- A SQUADRON OF AERIAL-BOMBERS WING TO THE ATTACK!



NIMBLY, HE RACES THRU THE STREETS, EXPLOSIONS DODGING HIS FOOTSTEPS AS THE FRANTIC AVIATORS SEEK DESPERATELY TO ELIMINATE HIM . . .



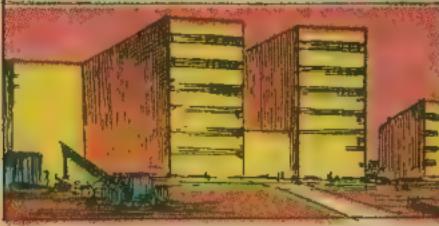
SUPERMAN IS STRUGGLING WITH A HUGE EDIFICE WHICH REFUSES TO FALL WHEN . . .



ABRUPTLY SUPERMAN VANISHES FROM SIGHT BEHIND HIM. HE LEAVES WHAT FORMERLY WERE THE SLUMS, BUT NOW, A DESOLATE SHAMBLES . . .



DURING THE NEXT WEEKS, THE WRECKAGE IS CLEARED. EMERGENCY SQUADS COMMENCE ERECTING HUGE APARTMENT-PROJECTS . . . AND IN TIME THE SLUMS ARE REPLACED BY SPLENDID HOUSING CONDITIONS



WITHIN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE CHIEF BURKE IS INTERVIEWED BY CLARK KENT

YOU CAN TELL YOUR READERS THAT WELL SPARE NO EFFORT TO APPREHEND SUPERMAN -- BUT OFF THE RECORD . . . I THINK HE DID A SPLENDID THING AND I'D LIKE TO SHAKE HIS HAND!

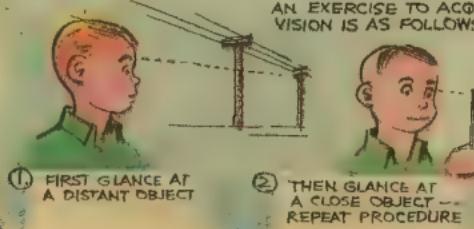
YOU KNOW, CHIEF? -- STRANGELY ENOUGH, I FEEL THE SAME WAY!



## "ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH"

### SUPER-VISION

AN EXERCISE TO ACQUIRE UNUSUAL VISION IS AS FOLLOWS:



DO THIS A FEW DAY AND SOON YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PEER MORE DISTANTLY THAN ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS!

# "CHUCK DAWSON"

BY H. FLEMING



FROM THE BARRICADED WINDOWS OF THE STURDY LOG RANCH-CABIN OF THE DIAMOND-H, CHUCK AND ZEBE RETURN THE FIRE OF THE A-G GUNMEN — FINALLY, CHUCK DECIDES TO EASE OUT, GET HIS HORSE AND RIDE FOR HELP —

ON THE EDGE OF A STEEP EMBANKMENT, HIS HORSE STUMBLES AND THROWS HIM HEADLONG — — —



A MASS OF DRIED LEAVES AND PINE NEEDLES, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BANK, BREAKS THE FORCE OF CHUCK'S FALL —



MEAN WHILE THE A-G GUNMEN SEE CHUCK THROWN FROM HIS HORSE — THEY SPUR FORWARD TO THE BRINK OF THE DEEP GULLEY.



COME ON, WE CAN GIT HIM NOW, IF HE AINT BROKE HIS NECK!



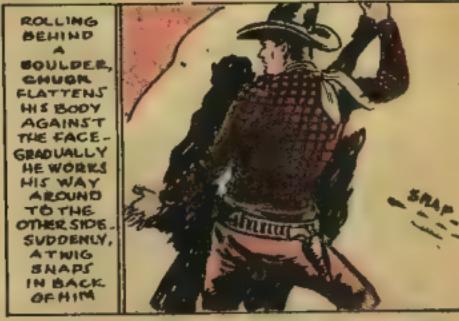
I DON'T SEE HIM ABOUT — HE'S PROBABLY HOLED UP BEHIND THAT BRUSH DOWN THERE. LEAVE THE BRONCS HERE AN' WELL SPREAD OUT — HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS A GREASED EEL IN A LARD PAIL.



HIS SENSES REELING, CHUCK LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT. THEN CRAWLS OVER TO HIS HORSE, JUST SCRAMBLING TO IT'S FEET — BUSHES SCREEN THEM FROM VIEW FROM ABOVE —



I HEAR THOSE POLE-CATS UP THERE, NOW!



SURE



CHUCK PASSES HIS GUN WITH HIS FINGER IN THE TRIGGER GUARD. THEN -





MEANWHILE, THE GUNMEN DASH FOR THEIR BEONCOS WHEN THEY SEE CHUCK STREAKING AWAY ON HIS BLACK STALLION -

CHUCK SPOTS THE LEADER TRYING TO CUT HIM OFF.





WHEN THE GUN MAN IS DIRECTLY UNDER THE TREE, CHUCK LEAPS FROM THE LIMB.



MEAN WHILE  
THE  
GUNMAN'S  
HORSE  
HAS  
TAKEN  
TO HIS  
HEELS  
AND  
GALLOPED  
AWAY  
IN A  
CLOUD  
OF  
DUST



AS  
THE  
OTHER  
4-G  
GUNMEN  
RIDE  
UP,  
THEY  
SPOT  
THE  
RIDERLESS  
HORSE  
AND  
GIVE  
CHASE



WHEN  
THE  
HORSE  
IS  
ROUNDED  
UP,  
THEY  
BACK  
TRACK  
HIM  
TO  
FIND  
ROCKY



CHUCK  
LOCATES  
HIS  
WELL  
TRAINED  
BRONCO  
WAITING  
A  
SHORT  
DISTANCE  
AWAY



AS  
CHUCK  
RIDES  
UP  
TO THE  
DOOR  
OF THE  
DIAMOND-H  
RANCH  
CABIN,  
THE  
OLD  
RANCH  
OWNER  
STEPS  
OUT  
GRASPING  
A  
RIFLE!



CONTINUED

# PEP MORGAN

BY SENE BAXTER

**P**EP DIGS A PATH FROM HIS HOME AFTER THE FIRST BIG SNOWFALL OF THE YEAR, AS HIS DOG, RANGER, LOOKS ON...



**A** YOUNG LADY PASSING BY CARRIES A SMALL DOG IN HER ARMS WHICH ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF PEP'S CANINE COMPANION --



GO AWAY-YOU BIG BRUTE !

COME HERE, RANGER !



I'M SORRY HE FRIGHTENED YOU - HE WOULDN'T HURT YOU !

YOU OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED FOR LETTING THAT AWFUL DOG RUN AROUND LOOSE !



WHAT A CRANK - IF SHE HAD A GUN, RANGER, YOU'D BE IN DOG HEAVEN NOW ! MI, DICK, WHERE TO ?

UP TO LOOKOUT HILL FOR SKY PRACTICE - COME ALONG !



THEY ARE GOING TO RUN THE INTER CITY SKI TOURNAMENT SATURDAY - DEVON HAS SOME COLLEGE STAR - WELL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT 'EM.

SURE I'LL GO WITH YOU - WAIT TILL I GET MY SKIS !



WHO'S THIS NEW FELLOW DEVON'S GOT - IS HE REALLY GOOD ?

HE'S A CUP WINNER - INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMP AND STUFF LIKE THAT ! ALSO HAS A GOOD LOOKIN' SISTER WHO COMES HERE ONCE IN A WHILE !





DON'T MIND HER-SHE'S JUST LEARNING TO SKI- I'M RAY DENE AND THIS IS MY SISTER JOAN-

GLAD TO MEET YOU-I'M PEP MORGAN - AND THIS IS DICK FAYE - WE WERE JUST PRACTICING A COUPLE JUMPS - THERE'S A MEET NEXT WEEK WITH DEVON!



WELL, DICK, IF WE DON'T BEAT DEVON NOW, I MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE TOWN-I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT FROM MISS JOAN!

DON'T WORRY, PEP. IF ANYONE LEAVES IT'LL BE LITTLE JOAN!



SO THIS IS THE GREAT PEP MORGAN! WHEN MY BROTHER GETS THROUGH WITH YOU AT THE MEET YOU WON'T BE SO PEPPY!

CUT IT OUT, SIS - WELL SO LONG, FELLOWS, SEE Y' AT THE MEET!



THE DAY OF THE BIG MEET FINALLY COMES-CLEAR AND COLD.



HERE COMES THE HAPPINESS GIRL AGAIN-GET READY FOR SOME BRICKBATS!



I HOPE YOU'VE ORDERED SOME SMALLER HATS TO WEAR AFTER THE MEET, MR. MORGAN!

LOTS OF LUCK, FELLOWS!

THANKS BUT I'LL BET YOUR SISTER HOPES IT WILL BE ALL BAD!



THE FIRST EVENT IS A SKI-JUMP FOR NOVICES-

OUR BOYS JUMP FARthest, BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP THEIR FEET!

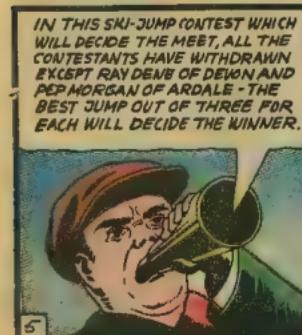


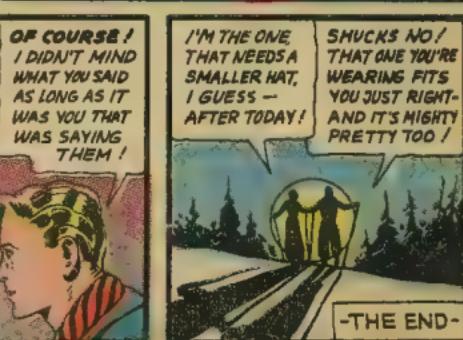
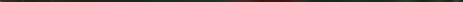
HOWEVER A DEVON CONTESTANT REMAINS UPRIGHT AS FAR AS THE FINNISH MARK -

HOORAY! DEVON WINS!









# BUTCH THE PUP

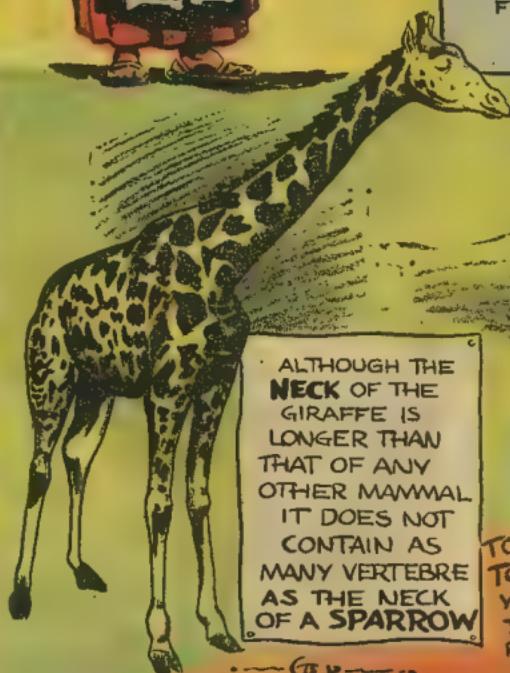
POP SAID THAT  
YOU CAN'T STAY IN  
THE HOUSE DURING  
THE NIGHT—SO YOU'LL  
HAF'TA STAY OUT  
HERE!



# FANTASTIC FACTS



**APRONS OF HUMAN BONES**  
ARE WORN BY TIBETAN PRIESTS IN CERTAIN RELIGIOUS RITES



ALTHOUGH THE NECK OF THE GIRAFFE IS LONGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER MAMMAL IT DOES NOT CONTAIN AS MANY VERTEBRAE AS THE NECK OF A SPARROW.

— GEP —



THE REASON WHY A FLY IS SO HARD TO SWAT IS BECAUSE IT HAS THOUSANDS OF EYES

COMMERCIALLY, THE **HUMAN BODY** IS ONLY WORTH ABOUT \$1.00!  
HERE ARE ITS ELEMENTS AND THEIR VALUE:

OXYGEN	.65	SULPHUR	.0025
CARBON	.18	SODIUM	.0015
HYDROGEN	.10	CHLORINE	.0015
NITROGEN	.03	MAGNESIUM	.0005
CALCIUM	.015	IRON	.00004
PHOSPHORUS	.01	IODINE	.000004
POTASSIUM	.0035		

IN ECUADOR EARTHWORKS GROW TO A LENGTH OF FIVE FEET



YET ICE WATER COMES OUT OF THEM!! THATS THE STORY OF THE ROCK FUMAROLES, OR VOLCANIC HOLES, LOCATED IN SOUTHERN IDAHO.

# The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN

MARCO POLO ESCAPES AND RIDES FOR HELP TO SHELA'S FATHER, ENEMY OF THE BANDITS, WHO HOLD SHELA AND THE POLO'S PRISONERS IN THE HOTEL KERMAN FOR THE KILLING OF THEIR LEADER



WHILE BACK IN KERMAN.

HIS DEATH WILL  
BE AVENGED.  
WHO DID IT?  
I'M ASKING  
FOR THE  
LAST TIME...

I REPEAT, I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT JUDGING  
FROM YOUR  
SCURVY-  
NESS, HE  
NO DOUBT  
DESERVED  
IT.

ALLRIGHT,  
SEIZE THE  
INFIDELS,  
MEN!

STAY BEHIND  
US, SHELA.  
WE INTEND  
TO PUT UP  
A STIFF  
FIGHT

OH, SO YOU'LL RESIST?  
WELL, YOU CAN'T  
LAST LONG A  
GAINST OUR  
NUMBERS.  
WE SHALL  
ENJOY PLAY-  
ING WITH  
YOU A LITTLE  
WHILE.

DON'T KILL  
THEM, MEN. I WANT TO  
SEE THEM SIMMER  
IN THE HOT OIL  
BEFORE WE'RE  
DONE WITH THEM

GLEEFULLY THE BANDITS THROW  
BURNING FIRE BRANDS THRU THE WIN-  
DOWS.





OFF DASHES THE CAVALCADE THRU THE GREAT PORTALS.



OVER THE SAND DUNES THEY RIDE HARD TOWARD THE EAST.



BACK AT THE HOTEL MAFFEO, BRUISED AND BLEEDING, DROPS EXHAUSTED.



TALK OR I'LL PLUNGE THIS RED HOT POKER DOWN YOUR GULLET!



MEN, TAKE HIM OUTSIDE AND STRING HIM UP. MAYBE THAT WILL LOOSEN UP HIS TONGUE A BIT.



HIGH OVER A BOILING VAT NICOLA IS HAULED.



THE OIL BUBBLES WILDLY



NICOLA, NEARING THE VAT FEELS HIS SKIN SHRIVEL FROM THE INTENSE HEAT.



THE BANDITS, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE ARE HACKED DOWN BY SIAB'S MEN



ALL RIGHT, LET HIM HANG OVER THE HOT CAULDRON FOR A WHILE.

A GREAT NOISE ARISES OUTSIDE THE HOTEL FRONT



MARCO DASHES UP TO HIS FATHER AND SWINGS HIM CLEAR OF THE BURNING VAT.



YES - THANK GOD - YOU HAVE COME IN TIME.



MY FRIENDS, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR THE SAFETY OF MY DAUGHTER?

WE COULD DO NO LESS

CONTINUED



# FROZEN HAZARD

By

RICHARD MARTIN

**A**T eight o'clock that morning, Tim Rourke rolled the sleek red and white mail plane out of the hangar and poised it on the runway of Quebec's municipal airport. Four bags of mail and packages were dumped into the cabin of the ship together with several small crates of machinery and utensils that were needed by the Hudson Bay Construction Company.

The Hudson Bay Company, dealing in the mining and general trading business, maintained numerous branch offices or outposts scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada's various dominions. The only contact these distant outposts had with the outer world was by dog-sled or airplane; and generally once a month food and supplies and the other necessities of life were transported to these far-flung branches by either of these two means of communication.

Tim climbed into the cockpit and adjusted his safety belt. At the side of the plane stood Bill Ryan, life-long friend and side-kick of Rourke's.

"Better make sure you've got your ear muffs and woolen mittens," laughed Ryan, reaching up and playfully patting Tim's face in a humorous attempt at being matronly.

"Don't worry about me," replied Tim, "I'm old enough to take care of myself!"

"That's fine," said Bill. "But seriously, did you check up on everything? Y'know, 800 miles is a long, long way if you should ever get stuck in the middle of one of those Arctic snow fields."



"The mechanics went over the plane the first thing this morning. Everything's okay!" Tim pulled shut the cabin door and Bill jerked the props away from under the wheels. The automatic propeller-winder was released and Tim opened the ignition. The engine sputtered for a few seconds and then roared into action. Tim warmed it up for five minutes and waved to Bill that he was about to take off.

The plane turned and zoomed down the field in an ever increasing burst of speed. It took to the air and climbing 500 feet or so, banked to the right and headed northward toward the little outpost nestling 800 miles away in the frozen reaches of Canadian iceland. Bill returned to the administration building and stationed himself at the radio, to be in constant communication with his friend till he reached his destination.

Every twenty or thirty minutes Tim would send in his position, speed and the performance of the motor. With each call it became obvious that Tim was making steady headway northward, for the reports of the temperature indicated that it was falling rapidly. Two hours passed . . . three hours passed, and Bill remained at the receiving set, checking and re-checking Tim's journey.

Around noon Tim called in and his message was rather disquieting. He was plowing through a heavy snowstorm, and ice was forming rapidly on the wings, making it extremely difficult to keep the plane on an even balance. A stiff wind from the north prevented him from gaining headway.

"Perhaps you'd better turn around and fly back!" suggested Bill into the microphone in worried tones.

"Maybe I'd better at that," answered Tim. "This motor has been actin' . . ."

Tim's voice was suddenly cut off! Bill endeavored to re-establish contact but his efforts were in vain. Frantically he kept working at the machine for five, ten, fifteen minutes. The ether waves held no response for his feverish attempts.

**B**ILL sank back and wiped his brow. Perhaps he was getting all excited over nothing at all; it was not an unusual occurrence for portable radio sets to go out of commission. He, himself, had experienced the same thing time and again. The best thing would be to wait patiently till two o'clock or so. By that time Tim will have landed at the Hudson Bay outpost and when he did they'd get in touch with the Quebec airport by radio.

He put through a call to the Hudson Bay Company's outpost. They replied promptly that they were still

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**H. MAY 22 E. 17th St., Suite DC-37**  
New York City

awaiting the arrival of the red and white mail plane and they'd notify him just as soon as it did come. Bill lit a cigarette and walked across the airport to the small lunchroom for a bite to eat. He gulped down a sandwich and a cup of coffee and then glanced at his watch. It said two o'clock!

He hurried back to the administration building and snapped on the radio set. He signalled the outpost station and soon had that distant branch speaking to him over the ether waves.

"There hasn't been a sign of him yet!" was their disheartening reply to Bill's inquiry.

"How's the weather up in that section?" asked Bill.

"Pretty nasty! We're having a heavy snowstorm and there's a powerful wind whipping out of the north. The temperature's been dropping steadily; it's down to fifteen degrees now. It'll go even lower if this wind keeps up!"

"I'll call you every fifteen minutes," said Bill. "If he does show up in the meantime, let me know immediately."

He sat at the radio set and felt utterly helpless. Between here and the outpost was a distance of a little over 800 miles . . . hundreds and hundreds of miles of desolate, frozen northland. Barren, snow-covered stretches of ice and unbearable cold. Jagged peaks and glistening mountain ranges that meant doom for any



helpless aviator who might be forced down.

At regular intervals he called Hudson Bay Company's outpost but they had no encouraging word. The seconds grew into minutes and these in turn flew by with tantalizing swiftness. Finally, Bill could stand it no longer and jumping up, he raced through the building and burst into the office of Commissioner Barkley.

"I may be over-anxious, Commissioner," he said breathlessly, "but I'm afraid something serious has happened to Tim Rourke on that run to the Hudson Bay outpost!"

"What time was he due?" asked the Commissioner.

"Between 1:30 and 2 o'clock this afternoon. He left the airport here at 8 o'clock this morning." Bill wiped the moisture from his upper lip. "The thing that worries me is that about noon time he radioed in and said something about his motor acting in a peculiar manner . . . I imagine that's what he intended to say but he never finished the sentence. He was cut off dead!"

Commissioner Barkley glanced at his watch. "Hm'm . . . almost three hours overdue! I'll notify the field superintendent to have a scouting plane sent out immediately; meanwhile, we'll get in touch with the Hudson Bay outpost to have them dispatch several dog teams to cover as much territory as they possibly can!"

Bill cleared his throat. "If you can arrange it, Commissioner, I'd like to fly that scouting plane . . . you see, Tim Rourke was a friend of mine!"

The Commissioner was thoughtful for a moment and then he extended his hand. "I believe we can manage it that way. Lots of luck!"

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

*(In the cold Arctic wasteland Tim Rourke's plane has been forced down. To his assistance comes his life-long friend, Bill Ryan, who flies from Quebec in search of the lost mail plane. Will Ryan's quest be a successful one?)*

## Special Christmas Offer

Here's a Christmas present that every boy and girl will be only too eager to have . . . one that will make them happy and contented the whole year 'round. What is it? A new issue of ACTION COMICS or DETECTIVE COMICS or ADVENTURE COMICS or MORE FUN COMICS, or better yet, a copy of each of these dandy magazines to greet them every month!

Use this order blank—order as many subscriptions as you wish. Fill in your name below, and on a *separate sheet* write plainly the names and addresses of the boys and girls who are to receive the subscriptions. Enclose *money order* or *check* to cover full amount of subscriptions ordered.

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ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
STATE.....

# TEX THOMSON

By Bernard Baily

THE FAR EAST---A LAND OF MYSTERY AND WAR---IT IS IN THIS SETTING THAT WE FIND TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND BOB DALEY---AFTER LEAVING THEIR BOAT THE TWO HEAD FOR THE ONLY HOTEL IN SUNG-WEI, A SMALL CITY IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ORIENT-----



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE, BOB?

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF YOU CAN GET A LOT OF CHOP SUEY HERE.



PAPERS ALL R GUT  
WOULD ADVISE LEAVE  
SUNG-WEI---  
TROUBLE  
SOON

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, OLD MAN! I THINK  
WE LU HANG AROUND AWHILE



SUDDENLY THEY ARE HALTED...

WOULD LIKE  
TO SEE  
PASPORT PAPERS  
PLEASE

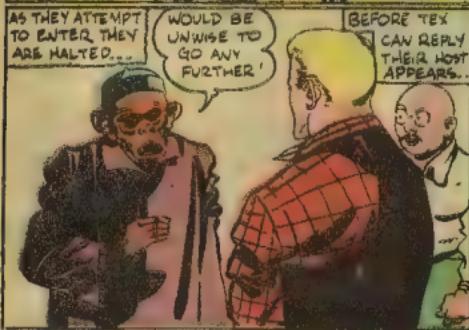
PASPORT PAPERS  
WHY OF COURSE!

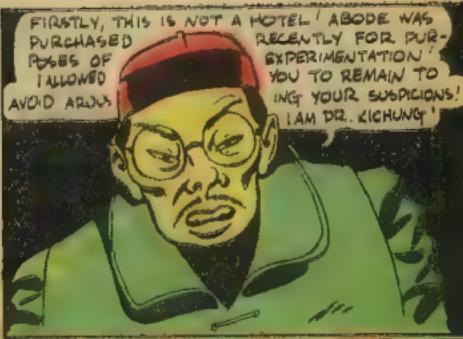


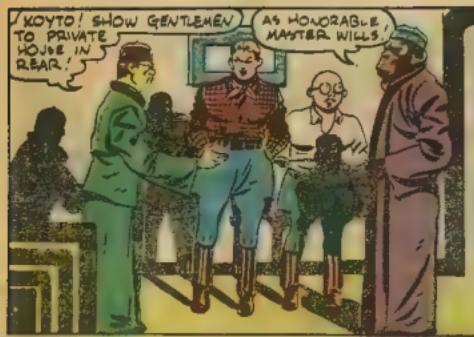
LEAVING THE  
SOLDIER, TEX  
AND BOB ENTER  
THE HOTEL...

















AS ONE OF THE APES TRIES TO GET TEX, HE PICKS UP A TUBE AND HURLS THE CONTENTS IN...

THE BEAST'S FACE—ONLY TO BE GRABBED FROM THE REAR BY ANOTHER ONE

MASTER, CAN CONTINUE! THIS HUMBLE SERVANT WILL STAND GUARD!

I'M AFRAID HUMBLE SERVANT SPEAKS PREMATURELY!

GOOD WORK BOB!

BUT BEFORE HE CAN REGAIN HIS BALANCE DR. KICHUNG SMASHES TEX IN THE JAW...

THEN PULLS OUT A KNIFE AND MOVES TOWARD TEX...

WHO INTERFERES WITH DR. KICHUNG, DIES!

BUT TEX HAS OTHER PLANS! A WELL PLACED KICK CATCHES THE DOCTOR SQUARE ON THE CHEST

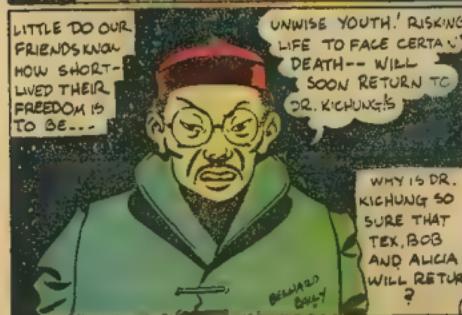
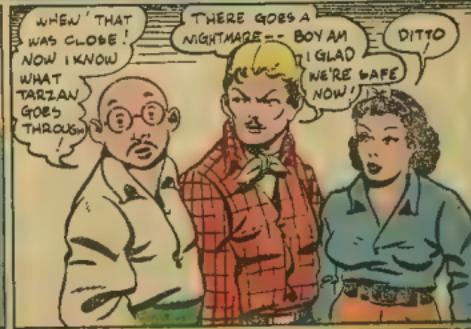
UGH!

BOB! RELEASE ALICIA AND MAKE FOR THE DOOR! I'LL OCCUPY THESE BOYS UNTIL YOU FREE HER!

FRIED, THE TRIO RUN FROM THE HOUSE....

RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN AND HEAD FOR THE RIVER! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!





# ODDS 'N' ENDS BY MOLODOFF

## Scrapbook of Sport Stars



**FREDDIE  
- STEELE -**

ABANDONED WITH HIS MOTHER WHEN HE WAS 6 MONTHS OLD BY A FATHER HE HAS NEVER SEEN, FREDDIE STEELE STARTED FIGHTING FROM HIS CRIB TILL HE BECAME MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION.

ONCE CADDIED FOR DAVE MILLER, WHO IS NOW HIS MANAGER. STARTED BOXING PROFESSIONALLY AT 15, WHEN HE WEIGHED 110 LBS. BEAT RISKO FOR THE TITLE IN '36. HAILED AS ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS TO COME FROM THE NORTHWEST.



STEELE LOST TO FRED APOSTOLI A FEW MONTHS AGO IN A NON-TITLE BOUT. APOSTOLI CLAIMED THE TITLE BUT WAS BEATEN BY YOUNG CORBETT WHO NOW CLAIMS THE CHAMPIONSHIP--HOWEVER STEELE IS STILL RECOGNIZED AS CHAMP IN MOST OF THE STATES.

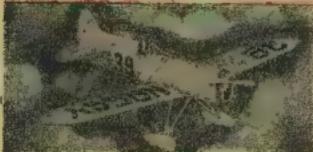


OKLAHOMA UNIV DEFEATED KINGFISHER 90-0 IN 1916, 179-0 IN 1917, 157-0 IN 1919 AND 104-0 IN 1911--



**DUSTER MAULS**, COACH OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS, WEARS A QUESTION MARK ON HIS BACK INSTEAD OF A NUMBER /

## Here's A Knockout Gift For Christmas!



Everyone wants to know more about this fast-growing sport and business—AVIATION. Give your Pal a present that will bring Fun and Valuable Information to him for the next twelve months. And why not give yourself this swell present, too! You can save money by taking advantage of our Special Holiday Gift Offer. Get a full year's subscription to

### MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS

plus a complete Construction Kit to build the Howard 100 famous racing plane pictured at left. This is a 20" model and has a stall of 100 miles. It is colored all white with black details. Kit is complete containing a full size plan and many finished parts. Its fast, stable flights will thrill any one who builds this model.

#### KEEP IN TOUCH WITH AVIATION

- **FUN**—Know about the latest model flyers. Get a real kick from ultralight handplanes soar high above, and glide home for a perfect three-point landing.
- **LEARN**—to build racers—cabin planes—big transports—fighters—bombers. Know about wing-stresses—lift—drag—airfoils—whirls—rotors—motors. Start your own club with tiny 1/6 H.P. motors—make your own that will fly 26 minutes.
- **MAKE MONEY**—Win prizes in model building and in model flying. Make scale models to sell for home decorations. Flying models for gifts, etc.

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MODEL KIT

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For the enclosed \$1.50 please send me Model Airplane News for one year; also send me Planes, the Howard 100 Flying Model Kit.

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This offer good in the U. S. and Canada, except, excepting  
Ex. and some good in U. S. of Cuba, Mexico, Panama and

# WORLD OF STAMPS

## PHILATELY ON WHEELS

If the rising generation does not take to stamp-collecting "en masse", it certainly won't be the fault of the Post Office Department, for that governmental body presided over by Mr. James A. Farley has many plans to cultivate stamp-mindedness among the young.

Recent stamp issues with their historical connotations will do much themselves to promote an interest in postage paper among students, and now philately is being brought, literally, to their doors.

A philatelic truck is being sponsored by the government to bring to the youth of the country, especially those in rural communities, the most complete exhibition and collection of United States stamps ever assembled for such a purpose.

According to present plans, the truck will exhibit specimens of every United States stamp from the first issue of 1847, which consisted of two adhesives, to the present series which will number thirty-two by the end of the year. A complete collection of United States stamped envelopes from the original issue of 1853-1855 to the present time will also be included as will post cards from 1873 to 1926.

A miniature printing press will be used to print souvenir items for distribution. The embryo stamp collectors to whom this appeal is being made will be shown each step in the process of stamp manufacture, aided by actual working examples of steel dies, flatbed and rotary press plates, and transfer rolls. He will also see other items that go to make up stamps, such as ink and gum.

A dyed-in-the-wool philatelist will be in charge of the exhibit to lecture, and answer questions, of which there will be plenty.

The truck is a six ton affair with a wheel base of about 147 inches. It was constructed and equipped in Chicago. Painted on the sides are the words, "United States Post Office Department". A shatter-proof glass window will permit observers to view the stamps readily.

### ALBANIA CELEBRATES

Ten years ago King Zog of Albania decided he was a king instead of a president, and had himself crowned accordingly. To mark the anniversary, a set of eight stamps has been issued as well as a miniature sheet of three adhesives. Each stamp is inscribed "1928-1938" and "10 Vjetori i Mbretinis" (Tenth anniversary of the kingdom.)

A portrait of the king appears on the 25 quid, blue and 1 franc, olive-green stamps. Queen Geraldine, who was Countess Apponyi of Hungary before she married Zog last April, is portrayed on the 1q violet, 5q green and 15q scarlet stamps. The last design is the eagle and sword of Skanderbeg, symbol of Albanian independence, which appears on the 2q orange, 10q, and 50q slate.

The miniature sheet carries the three designs as follows: King Zog, 30q violet, eagle and sword design, 70q gray-green, 15q scarlet, Queen Geraldine.

### EARN CASH!! EARN STAMPS!!

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an application stamp of King Edward, and TWO sets of four different postage stamps including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4¢ to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

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### STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Scarce NORTH BORNEO (Jungle Scene) and thrilling AIRMAIL TRIANGLE from Mozambique Co.! BOTH these unusual stamps (missing from most collections) ALSO World's Largest SHIP stamp (picture Columbus' Fleet) and fine packet other hard-to-get stamps including Sudan (Desert Scene), Georgia (Dead Country), a set of the WORLD'S SMALLEST STAMPS—big illustrated lists and a WATERMARK DETECTOR—all FREE to applicants for our world famous approvals sending 3¢ postage! Write today for this sensational offer.

DEPT. X, MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

# SCOOPEY SCAMMON

## FIVE STAR REPORTER

64  
Will Eis

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF US COMIN' OUT HERE IN THE STICKS AGAIN, SCOOP? WE JUST GOT BACK TO NEW YORK --

RUSTY, WHEN I GET A TIP FROM MY PAL BILL MALONE, THE G-MAN, I ALWAYS FOLLOW IT UP --

KIND OF ODD ISN'T IT? A G-MAN GIVING OUT TIPS?

WELL BILL FEELS HE OWES ME A DEBT FROM THE PAST, AND HE LIKES TO GIVE THE BULLETIN AN EXCLUSIVE









WHILE IN THE  
OLD SHACK  
BILL AND HANK  
FIGHT BRAVELY  
TRYING TO HOLD  
OUT UNTIL HELP  
CAN REACH THEM

GOT ANOTHER!  
HOW'S THE AMMUNITION?

LOW - WE CAN'T  
LAST LONG!

OUTSIDE, ABOVE THE  
SHACK, A MAN IS  
GETTING A MACHINE  
GUN IN PLACE ---

THIS'LL FIX 'EM

NO, IT WON'T, YOU  
LOUSEY PUNK!!!

OH ---

NOW WE'LL SEE!  
I'LL PUT A BURST  
OVER THEIR HEADS  
FIRST ---

SURRENDER, YOU DOGS,  
OR I'LL CUT YOU DOWN!

MORE COPPERS!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
CHOPPER! KILL 'EM!!

O.K. YOU BAKED  
FOR IT!

THE GANGSTERS,  
CAUGHT BETWEEN  
TWO FIRES, GO  
DOWN LIKE FLIES.  
THE REMAINING  
THROW UP THEIR  
HANDS AND BEG  
FOR MERCY ---



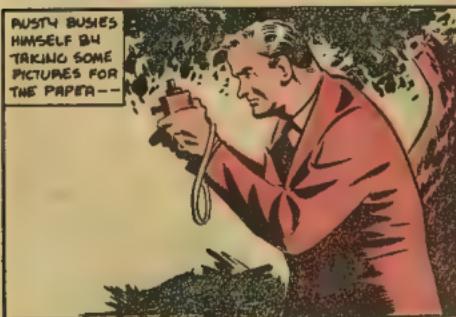
BILL AND HANK  
COVER THEM FROM  
THE REAR WHILE  
SCOOP AND RUSTY  
CLOSE IN ---



GET THE CUFFS ON  
'EM AND LOCK 'EM  
IN THEIR OWN TRUCK



RUSTY BUSIES  
HIMSELF BY  
TAKING SOME  
PICTURES FOR  
THE PAPER ---



THEY'LL GET THE CHAIR,  
BILL - YOUR BUDDY IS  
DEAD BACK THERE ---

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM, BILL ---  
THANKS, HANK -



HOW'D YOU  
GET WISE TO  
THIS BUNCH,  
BILL?

WE FOUND THE STUFF GROWING  
THEN WAITED FOR THEM TO TAN  
AND HARVEST IT ---



SURE GLAD YOU  
SHOWED UP, SCOOP,  
OR OUR WORK WOULD  
HAVE BEEN FOR  
NOTHING ---

FORGET IT, BILL - GLAD TO  
HELP AND THANKS FOR  
THE EXCLUSIVE ---



# ZATARAH

## MASTER MAGICIAN

AND THE

## INDIAN PRINCE

BY FRED GUARDINEER



ZATARA AND TONG ARE BOUND FOR CEYLON AFTER THEIR VISIT TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND MINES —

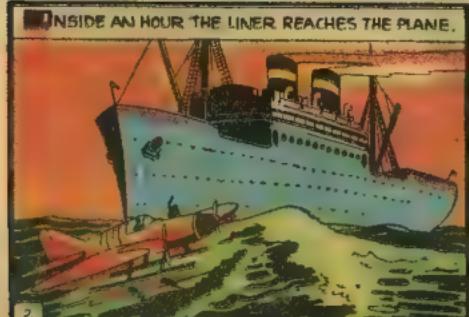


AT DINNER THAT NIGHT ZATARA MEETS THE MAHARAJAH FOR THE FIRST TIME —



I HAVE HEARD SOME WONDERFUL THINGS OF YOU, ZATARA. WILL YOU DO SOME TRICKS FOR ME?





WE WERE GOING FINE AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET WHEN A FAN-BELT BROKE. IF YOU'LL LET US HAVE THE PROPER TOOLS, WE'LL—



I THINK THEY HAVE FINALLY REPAIRED THEIR PLANE!

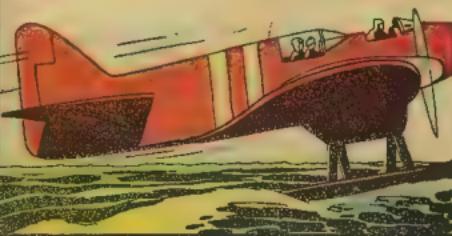


I COULDN'T THINK OF ACCEPTING ANYTHING!

HOW ABOUT TAKING UP THE LITTLE FELLOW TO SHOW OUR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE?



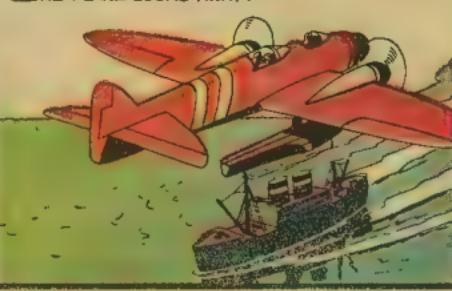
THE FLIERS PREVAIL UPON THE MAHARAJAH TO LET THEM SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE, AND THE LITTLE PRINCE GETS ABOARD THE PLANE —



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I LIKE THIS OR NOT!



THE PLANE ZOOMS AWAY!



THEY ARE FLYING AWAY! WHY DO THEY NOT RETURN?



A PRETTY PLOT! A FADED ACCIDENT— AND A KIDNAP!



HEY ARE SO FAR AWAY NOW THAT ZATARA CAN SEE ONLY A VAGUE BLOT THROUGH HIS POWERFUL GLASSES.



THAT NIGHT

A  
RADIOGRAM,  
SIR !



MAHARAJAH RAJPUT SINGH-  
RANSOM OF 100,000  
RUPEES FOR THE SAFE  
RETURN OF THE PRINCE.  
OTHERWISE - ?

MAY I OFFER MY POOR  
SERVICES, MAHARAJAH ? I  
LIKED THE LITTLE PRINCE  
VERY MUCH. IT WOULD BE  
AN HONOR TO EFFECT  
HIS RELEASE !

AT CEYLON

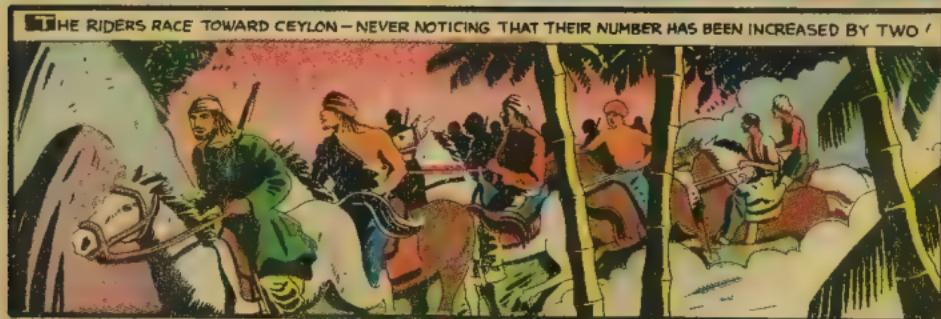
I WILL ATTEMPT  
PSYCHIC COMMUNICATION  
WITH THE PRINCE. TONG  
AND I WILL LEAVE  
AT ONCE !

ON THE ROAD BEYOND  
CEYLON -

I HEAR  
HOOF-  
BEATS !

WHAT DO YOU  
DO HERE,  
WHITE MEN ?

WHITE MEN !  
WE ARE ONLY POOR  
PEASANTS !



AS NIGHT APPROACHES, THE RIDERS PREPARE FOR SLEEP



BUT ZATARA IS SUSPICIOUS, AND BEGINS TO SEARCH



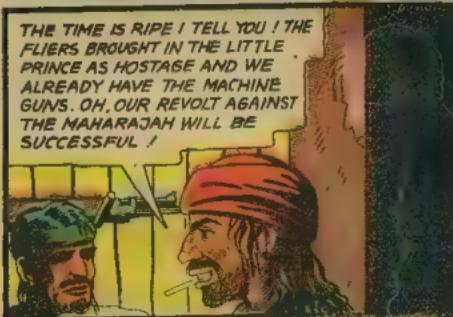
THREE MEN ARE TALKING AROUND A SMALL TABLE.



ZATARA RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE TO ORDINARY EYES AND ENTERS THE ROOM —



THE TIME IS RIPE I TELL YOU ! THE FLIERS BROUGHT IN THE LITTLE PRINCE AS HOSTAGE AND WE ALREADY HAVE THE MACHINE GUNS. OH, OUR REVOLT AGAINST THE MAHARAJAH WILL BE SUCCESSFUL !



OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART, YOU RUFFIANS, I WARN YOU - UNLESS YOU DELIVER THE PRINCE BY TO-MORROW NIGHT, I SHALL HAVE NO MERCY !



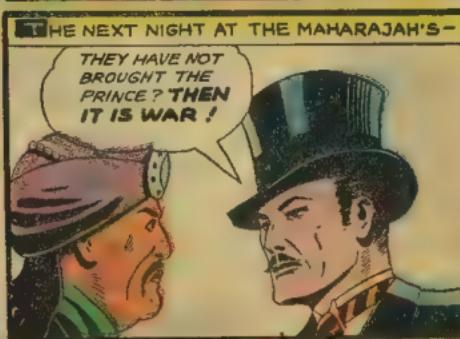
GONE !

PUFF !



THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE MAHARAJAH'S -

THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT THE PRINCE ? THEN IT IS WAR !



THERE IS A PLOT AFOOT TO CAUSE REVOLT IN YOUR HILL TRIBES. THEY HOLD THE PRINCE AS HOSTAGE AGAINST OPPPOSITION. THEY HAVE SMUGGLED IN MACHINE-GUNS!

THEY HAVE ME BEATEN!

NOT YET, THEY HAVEN'T. NO, NOT YET!

I SUPPOSE THEY'VE GONE, BUT IN WE GO, TONG!

THE WHOLE HOUSE IS EMPTY—OUR BIRDS HAVE FLOWN. IT MERELY BECOMES HARDER, THAT'S ALL!

ME SMACK'EM WHEN FIND 'EM!

I MUST MAKE CONTACT WITH THAT BIG RUFFIAN—

AND TRAILS THEM TO THE ROAD TO DAGARRA!

TWO DUST CLOUDS ROLL ALONG AFTER THE TRIBESMEN, ZATARA AND TONG IN DISGUISE!

THE PLOTTERS BEGIN THEIR SEARCH FOR RECRUITS FOR THE REVOLT—



KNOWING THAT THE SECRET OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MISSING PRINCE IS HELD BY THE BRIGAND CHIEF, ZATARA AND TONG FOLLOW AS TWO HAWKS /



FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE ZATARA FOLLOWS THE CHIEF

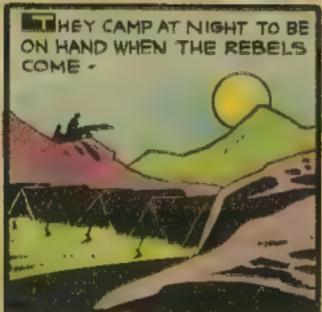
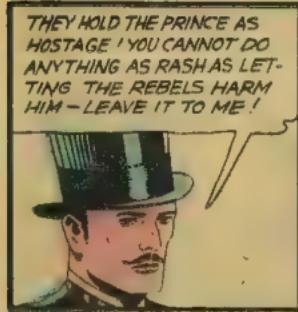


JUDGING THE TIME IS RIPE, ZATARA SENDS WORD TO THE MAHARAJAH OF THE GATHERING OF THE REBELS -



IN CEYLON THE MAHARAJAH YIELDS TO HIS TEMPER -





THE REBEL MACHINE GUNS GO INTO ACTION—



HE IS FOOLISH,  
TONG HIS GUARD  
WILL BE  
SLAUGHTERED!



THEY HAVE SLAIN  
MY GUARD! I  
AM HELPLESS!

WE SHALL  
SEE ABOUT  
THAT!



ATARA CAUSES A RAIN OF BULLETS TO FALL AND MOW DOWN  
THE REBELS UNTIL THEIR RANKS ARE BROKEN —



I SHALL FOLLOW THEM TO  
RESCUE THE PRINCE, THEIR  
REvolt IS ALMOST  
OVER NOW!



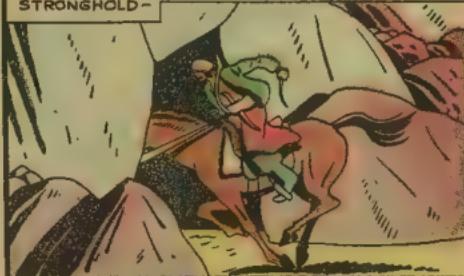
WE'RE  
OFF...



ZATARA SOON CATCHES UP WITH THE REBEL LEADER -



THE REBEL CHIEF ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD -



BUT ZATARA IS AT THE GATE AHEAD OF HIM -



CURSE THIS MAGICIAN -



UNDER THE REBEL'S FASCINATED EYES ZATARA GROWS TO A GREAT HEIGHT !



ZATARA'S HANDS TEAR AT THE REBEL WALL



AND SEIZE THE REBEL LEADER -



WHERE IS THE LITTLE PRINCE, OH. WRETCH ?





# SPORTCASTING

## Scrapbook of Sport Stars



**STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 2, 1933.** Of Action Comics Magazine published monthly at Baltimore Md. for October 1938

State of New York County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Action Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are  
Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Editor, V. Sullivan, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Managing  
Editor, none. Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of each individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Harry Donenfeld, 110 Riverside Drive, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) **NONE**

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

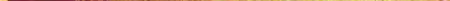
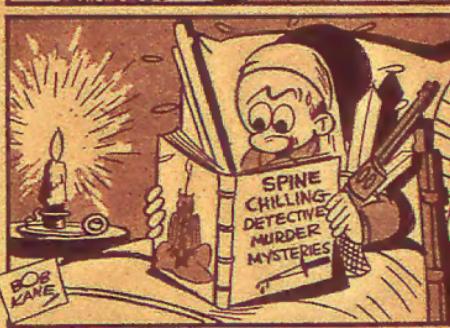
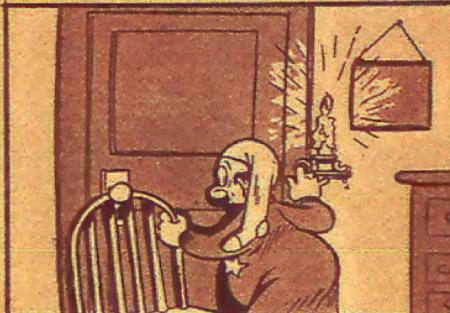
(Signed) **J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager**

Swear to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1938. (Signed) **Alfred B. Yaffe.** (My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

# OSCAR

THE  
GUMSHOE

BY BOB KANE



Here are the *Winners* of the *Panel Contest* that ran in the October issue of *ACTION COMICS*. A prize of \$1 has been mailed to each of the *Winners*.

THOMAS McGUNNIGLE, P. W. HILL,  
Glen Cove, L. I. Helena, Ark.

LEONARD LAPIDUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROLAND LONGTIN,  
Lewiston, Maine.

HARRIET LEJMAN,  
Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH NICOLOSI,  
New York City.

HERBERT RICHTER, JR. FRANK CROCITTO,  
Houston, Texas. Yonkers, N. Y.

JOHN T. LEARY, JR.,  
Pawtucket, R. I.

SIDNEY SHAPIRO,  
New Britain, Conn.

CHARLES BONURA,  
New York City.

HELEN ADAMSKI,  
Bayonne, N. J.

JOHN WINTERS,  
Cumberland, Md.

JIMMY FABE,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

BRADFORD CLARK,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

ARTHUR YEBLON,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUGENE LARSON,  
St. Paul, Minn.

DAN MOLLES,  
Wilmar, Calif.

DONALD PAULSEN,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

WILLIAM HOETZER,  
N. Lawrence, L. I.

ELIZABETH YANOVICH,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

HARRIET FINKELSTEIN,  
Hyannis, Mass.

WILLIAM SOFSAK,  
N. S. Pittsburgh, Penn.

HARRY KURTZBERG,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

BILLY MURPHY,  
San Francisco, Calif.

